

3
THE
COURT LEGACY.

A New BALLAD

OPERA.

As it is Acted

At the EUROPEAN Palace.

By the Author of the New ATALANTIS.

*It is an Argument the Times are sore,
When Virtue cannot safely be advanc'd,
Nor Vice reprov'd*

BEN. JOHNS.

L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by J. DORMER, at the Printing-
Office in Black and White Court in the Old-Baily.

M. DCC. XXXIII.

(Price One Shilling and Six-pence.)

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A NEW EDITION.

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By the Author of 'TALANTIS'.

It is an argument the Time we live
in: it is a cause (justly) to be advanced
for the people.

Bar. Jones.

LONDON.

Printed and sold by J. Parker, at the Printing
Office in Fleet Street, near the Old Bailey.

1840.

(Price One Shilling and Sixpence.)



To the HONOURABLE

Madam PULTNEY.

Madam,

 **W** H E N I consider Mr.
Pultney's inviolable
Attachment to the
Good and Welfare of his
Fellow-Subjects, his Patriot-
Zeal for his Country, and his
strenuous

DEDICATION.

strenuous Efforts to continue to us those valuable Blessings, *our Liberties and Properties*, which we happily enjoy, and were handed down to us by our brave Ancestors, who purchas'd them at the Expence of an Immensity of Wealth, and Oceans of Blood; when I consider these shining and most excellent Qualities, I cannot be at a Loss for a proper Person, to whom I may dedicate the following Work: You immediately occur'd to my Thought, and to you, Madam, I beg Leave to consecrate this Opera.

If

DEDICATION.

If I shall prove so happy to contribute to your Diversion, and any Scene in the COURT LEGACY, which is a Satire on the Court of *Eutopia*, shall have the Fortune to please you, I shall arrive at the utmost Summit of my Ambition ; my End will be answer'd, and my Wishes crown'd with Success. The malicious Part of Mankind may, perhaps, charge me with Presumption, but if I am guilty of such an Offence, your Goodness will pardon me ; where there is a Perfection of Beauty, there must be a Chain of virtuous Principles,
and

DEDICATION.

and that you are as good as
beautiful must be allow'd by
all the World, and shall ever
be affirm'd by,

Madam,

Your most devoted,

And most obedient,

Humble Servant,

ATALIA.

INTRODUCTION.

Enter POET and PLAYER.

Poet. **N**O, Sir, you mistake me; I did not say it was the best Opera ever play'd on the *European* Stage; but that it had the most Satire in it of any I had ever read. — Sir, Satire is my Talent—I live by it—

*I am a merry Scribbler,
Lately come from France;
For Laurel or for Pillory,
To write, and take my Chance.
So to Writing I did go, &c.*

Play. Sir, as I told you before, I have not the least Objection against your Opera; so I leave it intirely to the Decision of the Audience; if they will give it Encouragement, the Actors are ready to begin.

Poet. Well, I'll try if I can't sing a Song to please 'em.

Tune, Black Joak.

*An Audience here we have, 'tis true,
But, as for Wits, they're very few;
So, you that are, pray clap your Hands;
Give me Applause, or else, Good-night,
No more will I attempt to write,
So now we wait for your Commands.
But, lest you ignorant shou'd be,
Thro' all the Acts, which are but Three,
I strongly do oppose Excise,
Sir Sidrophel, and His Armies;
So, if you like it, clap your Hands.*

[Great Shouts of Applause.]

Play. I am heartily glad, Sir, to see such promising Success.—Play the Overture. *[Exeunt.]*

Dra.

INTRODUCTION

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN

Lord THEODORE,

ALEXIS,

Master SPRIGHTLY.

Prince EASY,

Sir SIDROPHEL,

WHACCUM,

Sir WILLIAM TRUEMAN,

Alderman FREE-PORT,

Sir GEORGE TRADELOVE,

Lord COMMAND,

ARNOLD WRONGHEAD,

OSBORN BLUNDER,

FRANCISCO,

PHILIPPO,

Dr. GREGORIUS, a noted Man-Midwife.

Mr. CATCH'EM.

} All firm Patriots.

} Mercenary

} Writers.

} Servants to L. Theodore.

Citizens, Attendants, &c.

WOMEN

Lady RULE,

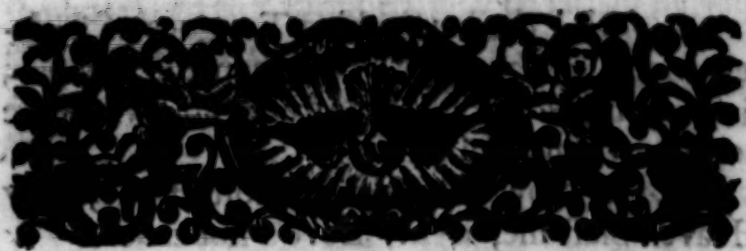
HUNCAMUNCA,

FITZUMA,

Miss QUESTION,

Mrs. CATCH'EM.

THE



THE
COURT LEGACY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Royal Palace in the Kingdom
of Eutopia.*

*Fitzuma and Lord Amorous going out at a Back-
Gate of the Palace; a Chair waiting at some
Distance.*

Fitz.  H E Night is dark, 'tis true;
but yet ten thousand Fears
perplex my Mind, and bid
me stay—My Lord, farewell.

L. Am. 'Twould be un-
kind indeed, my dear *Fitzuma*, to leave me
here alone, to moan thy Absence—O leave me
not, for Life's to me a Burthen when you are
from me; thy Presence 'tis that makes me
happy, heals my unquiet Mind, and tunes my
Soul.

C

Fitz.

Fitz. Oh! the bewitching Tongues of faith-
less Men! by far more worie than false *Flyana*;
first ye entice our Sex's Hearts, and, where we
conquer, make your Prey.

L. Am. Now you use me most unjust, may
Heaven blast me, if my Love's not true.

Fitz. Than why should we meet thus like
guilty Lovers? my Lord, Good-night.

L. Am. By Heaven we will not part this
Night! — Thou shall not, must not go —

Fitz. Nay, — Pray, my Lord, I hope you
wou'd not force me —

Enter Soldier.

Sold. Who are ye, that dare approach the
Palace of my Royal Master, when honest Men
should be at Rest? — What are ye; I say?

L. Am. Dost thou not know me, Villain?
[*Gives him Money.*] Take that — Put out thy
Light, and be both blind and dumb.

Sold. My Lord! — I hope your Honour will
pardon me, since it proceeds from the Loyalty
I bear my Royal Master.

L. Am. Away! — What Noise is that? —
Lights too! What can this mean! — [*The Lights
disappear, and they screen themselves under the Wall*
[*of the Palace.*

Enter Lady Rule, with Attendants.

L. Rule. Here place yourself, and make just
Observation of each Word and Action — I have
long suspected the Conduct of *Fitzuma*; and I
believe not without Reason. [*Exit Lady Rule.*

Fitz. By Heaven I'm ruin'd and undone! the
Lady Rule I know is jealous of our Loves, and
the

[II]

she has taken this Opportunity to satisfy herself,
that her Suspicion's just —

L. Am. Fly to my Arms, my Love, there
you shall always find Safety.

A I R I. The Lass of *Paties Mill, &c.*

L. Am. O ever lovely Pair,
Whose Eyes have won my Heart,
You'll always be my Care,
Therefore must never part.
— Rather than I could love,
With any one but thee,
The Sun shall cease to move,
And all Things alter'd be.

Fitz. My Lord, I have no Reason to suspect
your Love; you have already given me unde-
niable Proofs of it; but at present I beg you
would comply with my Request so far, as to
let me rest another Night within this Palace;
To-morrow's Sun shall crown our Happiness —
In the mean time assure yourself my Heart is so
revited to thine, that nothing but Death can
part us.

A I R II. Tho' cruel you seem to my Pain, &c.

Fitz. O believe me, I love you most true,
And nothing but Death can us part,
For the Time that I'm absent from you,
As a Pledge I will leave you my Heart.

L. Am. But if Locks and Bolts you confine,
What Torments to me it would give;

Fitz. Then storm 'em, and make 'em resign,
That we always together may live.

L. Am. There is nothing, my dear *Fitzuma*, you can ask that I will not readily comply with; but, believe me, here you touch me to the Soul, to think that I must rest another Night without thee in my Arms, thou heavenly Form! —

Fitz. What will become of us! — Behold! yonder's *Alexis*, quitting his Chair, with half a Dozen of his constant Ramblers.

L. Am. Speak low, my dear *Fitzuma*; we may yet pass undiscovered; retire to your Apartment, and leave me to myself —

Fitz. My Lord, Adieu — [Exit *Fitz.*

L. Am. May Angels guard thy Steps — What must I do? — It's impossible to shun *Alexis*!

Enter Alexis singing, followed by Lord Mapa, Lord Wild, and Count Clito.

A I R III. Black Joak.

Alex. Of all the Girls within this Court,
There's none that better loves the Sport,
Than —

L. Map. Fye, my Lord! — Consider the Place, and Hour — If you are inclined, why we will wait on you back again —

Alex. What to the *Rose*? —

C. Clit. Any where, my Lord, rather than tarry here — Your Mirth may be the Cause of a Discovery.

Alex. I would willingly return with my Friends; but really these nocturnal Debauches will in time destroy my Constitution —

A I R IV. Here's to thee my Boy.

L. Wild. What need we fear,
Such Doctors are here,
They'll keep us up florid and young; They'll, &c.
A Vomit and Purge,
From one that's a Judge,
Soon sets aside all that was wrong; Soon, &c.

Upon my Honour, Gentlemen, we had better return, than suffer ourselves to be discover'd by *Lady Rule* — It may be of ill Consequence to *Alexis*.

Alex. With all my Heart, my Lords. I must needs own I should not have been so willing to have left the Company we were in, but that you know the Nuptials of my Sister are to be celebrated To-Morrow, and —

Om. Pho, pho! —

C. Clit. If it should so happen, that you are not in a Capacity of making your Appearance, let it be gave out, that you are indispos'd with a violent Cold; and therefore —

Alex. A good Thought, split me! — Come, my Lords, let's away; perhaps the Ladies are not departed yet.

A I R V. Bessy Bell, &c.

A Curse attend that silly Elf,
That stands so much on Duty,
I'll throw away all Fears of Self,
And catch at ev'ry Beauty:
While I am young, I will employ
The Time that Fate's allow'd me,
And feast on ev'ry Fair One's Toy,
Untill that it has cow'd me. [*Exeunt Omnes.*
Lord

Lord Amorous comes forward.

L. Am. Thank Heaven they have given me an Opportunity of passing undiscover'd, and 'tis my Fault if I don't improve the Opportunity. *[Exit.]*

Enter two Soldiers.

1. *Sold.* Good-morning, Brother — How pass'd the Night?

2. *Sold.* After the old manner, *Tom* — Never did I behold such Scenes of Ludeness and Debauchery in the Hundreds of *Drury*! — But what's that to me? — I can't farewell, but I must cry Roast-meat! — I have made this To-night. *[Shows Money.]*

2. *Sold.* Thou art a happy Fellow! — Here have I spent my Time oftner than ever thou didst, and never pick'd up any Ready but once.

2. *Sold.* I hope you don't envy your Friend's Happiness, *Tom*; thou shalt be no Looser by it.

A I R VI. Let's be merry, fill your Glasses.

Never frown, be brisk and jolly,

You shall share with me the Prize;

So let's drink a Dram with *Dolly*,

Where there's Gin, without EXCISE.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

A Royal Apartment.

Princess Huncamunca, and Lady Fitzuma.

P. Hun. You know, my dear *Fitzuma*, we are both very well acquainted with one another's Intrigues, therefore I wou'd have you follow the

the Steps I'm just going to take myself; that is, marry, and live honest; for 'tis my Opinion, that the nice Search Lady Rule has made into your Conduct was occasion'd more from a violent Jealousy that Lord Theodore bestow'd more of his Love upon the fair *Fitzuma*, than herself; and you know the Effects of a Woman's Jealousy! —

Fitz. Madam, I shall lay myself entirely under your Directions; in the mean time it may not be improper to caution you against letting Lord *Amorous* know that my Conduct is suspected by Lady Rule — I saw his Lordship last Night, and gave him to understand, that Lady Rule always had her Eye on me, as being her Favourite, and very unwilling I should alter my Condition. This I did by way of Precaution, least his Lordship should by any means hear of the Disgrace I at present lie under.

P. Hun. If he should, I don't see how that can help you.

Fitz. Let me alone, good Madam; you know before now I have been forc'd to manage Matters for you and myself too — If he smells the Rat, I lay my Ruin to his Charge; say my Disgrace was occasion'd by being so late in the Gardens with him last Night; the Good-natur'd Lord, out of Gratitude, makes me his Wife in a Hurry, so what he hears afterwards will not spoil my Fortune, tho' he should repent his Bargain.

P. Hun. Are you sure his Love is sincere, *Fitzuma*?

Fitz. I have no Reason to think otherwise, Madam.

A I R VII. As down in a Meadow, &c.

He often has swore, that his Love was sincere,
And that, of all others, he lov'd me most dear;
Not even *Vanella* shou'd draw him astray,
And that he was ready, if I'd fix the Day.

The Day is now fix'd, may he stand to his Word,
And I be his Lady, and he be my Lord;
O then wou'd the whole Court have just Cause to say,
That it is *Fitzuma's* Reformation-Day.

Enter Lady Rule.

L. Rule. So, Child; I'm glad I have the Opportunity to discourse with you concerning your late Misconduct — How happen'd it, that you were absent the other Night?

Fitz. I hope your Ladyship will excuse me, it was a Fault I must own, but as it was the first, I beg your Ladyship to pardon it, and think favourable of me, till you know the Occasion.

L. Rule. I fear the Occasion was such, that instead of making the Offence less, it will add to the Crime — But I see you blush! — I did not think you had so much Modesty — Follow me to my own Apartment, that I may talk to you in private. [*Exit Lady Rule, and Fitzuma.*]

P. Hun. O how my Heart akes for poor *Fitzuma*! — Thank Heaven I shall soon be deliver'd from my Confinement into the Arms of a doating Husband.

A I R

A I R VIII. O what Pleasures will abound, &c.

Oh! 'Twill be a happy Day,
When I give myself away ;
Oh! more happy shall I be,
When I've had the Maiden's Fee ;
'Tis that I long for,
And he's gone for,
That's to crown the Wedding-Day ;
With Charms alluring,
I'll secure him,
And will wed him while I may.

S C E N E III.

A Royal Appartment in the Palace.

Lady Rule and Lady Fitzuma.

Fitz. 'Tis a censorious World we live in!
— A Woman must be down-right ill-natur'd,
and as full of Religion as a Nun, or else —

L. Rule. Have a Care, *Fitzuma*, hear all, and
do not vindicate thyself too soon — I cou'd
mention both Time and Place, I tell thee once
again —

Fitz. I know, my Lady, I have walk'd late in
the Gardens with the Lord *Amorous*, but I dare
engage his Designs are honourable.

L. Rule. I always thought well of him myself;
he is a virtuous Youth, and 'tis Pity to abuse
him — Be free, *Fitzuma*, hast thou not already
forfeited thy Honour, and done me Wrong?

Fitz. Heaven forbid! —

L. Rule. Still dost thou quibble in that Point!
— I say you've been so free with Lord *Theodore*,
that its given me much Uneasiness; my Words
are plain, and I expect a plain Answer.

C

Fitz.

Fitz. May Heaven abandon me, if ever I did you Wrong in all my Life. [Kneels.]

L. Rule. Then rise, *Fitzuma*; I will continue you in my Favour, and shew thee as much Respect as ever.—But be careful of your future Conduct, for the World have all their Eyes fix'd on the Court, and every little Blemish makes a mighty Noise.—As to your Intrigues with *Alexis*, I will take Care to prevent their taking Air, if possible; but really, Child, I always thought you had more Conduct than to forfeit your Honour to one who wou'd willingly deprive the whole Female Creation of that valuable Blessing, if he cou'd.

A I R IX. Mother quoth *Hodge*, &c.

Virgins in Love are so fond of the Bliss,
To eager Embraces we quickly Consent;
The Honour we boast of, expires in a Kiss,
And we yield to the Joy, tho' we dread the Event:
When fondly woo'd,
And close pursu'd,
We still gain the Conquest, when most subdu'd;
So easy the Chain is,
So pleasing the Pain is,
How cou'd I deny him my Maiden-head?

L. Rule. Well, *Fitzuma*, I freely forgive you all your past Follies, as far as relates to myself; and this Day receive you into Favour again,
Fitz. Thanks to my Royal Mistress.

A I R

A I R X. *Thomas, I cannot, &c.*

The Cloud's dispell'd, my Fears are o'er,

So I'll be made a Wife;

And will not play the Jilt no more,

But lead a virtuous Life:

All Follies past,

From first to last,

I hereby do decline;

So will my Fame,

Soon rise again,

And my Virtue for ever shine.

End of the First Act.

4 AP 54



C 2

THE



THE
COURT LEGACY.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Tavern.*

Alexis, Lord Mapa, Lord Wild, Count Clito,
and several Women loosely drest.

L. Mapa.



Y Lord, it grows late,
let us be going.

Alex. I'm resolv'd not
go 'till little Buck's
Face has sung her fa-

vourite Song.

1st Wom. I must ask Pardon, my Lord ; when
I'm civilly us'd, I always use People civilly ; but
not otherwise !

L. Wild. Who has affronted the Lady ?

1st Wom. My Lord Alexis, I wonder how
you can ask a Favour, when you won't grant
one !

L. Wild.

L. Wild. What has he refus'd you?

1st Wom. What is in his Power to grant —

Alex. Name it —

1st Wom. Only that you wou'd give my Friend a Patent for Poet-Laureat after the Decease of the present very excellent one.

Alex. What is your Friend?

1st Wom. What is he?—Why he's a better Gentleman than any in Company, asking Pardon, only under Misfortunes.—He knows your Lordship and I are in Company together, and I expect to see him every Minute.—In the mean Time, if you'll promise to comply with my Request, and grant the Patent, I'll sing the Air.—I assure you you'll like the Gentleman; Lauk! he is the prettiest, little, fopish Spark in the Universe, and as like my Lord *Alexis*, as ever two Pease were, as the Saying is.—Ha! ha! ha!

Enter Drawer.

Draw. My Lords, a Gentleman below desires to speak with one of these Ladies, by your Leaves.

1st Wom. The very Man I was speaking of!—
Bid him come up! [Exit Drawer.]

C. Clito. Was the Gentleman bred a Poet, Madam?

2d Wom. Lard, Sir, the Lady knows but very little of him; I'm surpriz'd she shou'd recommend him!—He's her Fellow, an't please you, my Lords!

1st Wom. Madam, 'tis well I'm not ill-bred, otherwise this Treatment wou'd have put me in a Passion, Madam!—

Enter

Enter Poet, in a Foppish Dress.

This is the Gentleman, my Lords. — Come, Dicky, as a Specimen of your Wit and Humour, let us have the Song you made upon yourself, to the Tune of, *What a Pox wou'd you be at, &c.*

Poet. With all my Heart. —

A I R I. What a Pox wou'd you be at, &c.

I'm the Fop of the Age,
Tho' there's one on the Stage,
I allow is a very great Man a;
Whose fine Air and Grace,
Has got such a Place,
That you may turn him out, if you can a.

II.

Than why may not I,
(If Chance he should die)
By my Impudence hope for to rise a;
Since for that he was chose,
There's no-body knows,
But that I may win the same Prize a.

1st Wom. Don't this deserve a Clap, my Lords?

Omni. Admirably perform'd!

Alex. I promise the Place of Poet-Laureat shall be his Reward. — Now for your Air, Madam.

1st Wom. Nay, my Lord, I'm always as good as my Word.

A I R

A I R II. Pierrot Tune. Part I.

The Maid is blest,
Who, when undrest,
Has Man to quench Love's Fire;
She'll play the Game,
Which, but for Shame,
I just now do desire.

Now, my Lord, I hope you'll oblige me with
the Song made on the *Eutopian* Court.—I'll bear
a Bob myself. [To Lord Wild.]

L. Wild. It is too long, for we must be going.

1st Wom. You fine Gentlemen, never want
for Excuses.—Pray oblige me, my Lords.—'Tis
a very pretty Song, and a great Satire; that's
what I love intirely.—Why shou'd not the
Court Ladies be told their own, as well as we
Town Ladies?

Alex. Prithee, my Lord begin; we'll all help
you out —

A I R III. There was a jovial Beggar, &c.

I.

I'll sing a Song on Ladies fair,
Who all frequent the ———,
And prove there is not any there
But what do love the Sport.

For a Jobbing they will go, &c.

II.

No, not a Lady can we find,
If we give each her Due,
But what to Lust's so strong inclin'd,
That with ev'ry one will ———.

For without it they can't go, &c.

III. To

III.

To ———, in Hopes of Favour,
All Stal——s shou'd repair,
For those that want Employment,
May surely have it there.

So to ——— we now may go, &c.

IV.

Altho' of fair *Vanella*;

Lampoons there have been plenty,

Yet One more honest than herself

You will not find in Twenty.

For a Jobbing they will go, &c.

V.

Don't look on this as a Romance,

For Lies I've not told one,

They all as wicked are as Priests,

Tho' religious as a Nun.

For a Jobbing they will go, &c.

L. Mapa. Now, Gentlemen, I think it is
time to depart.—Here Drawer. [*Rings a Bell.*]

Enter Drawer.

To pay.—

1st Wom. Well, but my dear Lord *Alexis*, I
hope you will not prove a meer Courtier in the
Affair I was speaking of, and never think no
more on't.

Alex. For your Sake, Child, the Gentleman
may depend on that Place,——or——a better.

[*After much Ceremony, Excunt Omnes.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

A City at some Distance from Eutopia.

Sir Sidrophel, bung round with Ribbands of various Colours, and his Man Whaccum, amidst a numerous Concourſe of People.

Whac. Behold the great *Sir Sidrophel*!

S. Sid. If there be any amongst you, who are apprehenſive of being poor, let him take theſe Pills.

1st. Mob. This Man hath cur'd the F— K—g of a Loofeneſs in his Pocket.

2d. Mob. Aye, and his Im—I M— of all Attachments to his Neighbours, or Dependance upon his Al—s, ſo that he now purſues his own Intereſt as if they were not to be rely'd on.

3d. Mob. What is all that! — Why he has almoſt cur'd the whole Nation of their Trade.

4th. Mob. That's nothing — He has cur'd a whole Bench of B—s of Religion.

5th. Mob. D—n him, he's a Publick Cheat; drive him out of the Town; I know the Villain —

Whac. Honest Friend, a Word with you; change your Note — Cry up *Sir Sidrophel* for a good Doctor, and you ſhall be made a great Man — Take that as Earneſt. [*Gives him Money.*]

5th. Mob. If any Man diſputes the Skill of *Sir Sidrophel*, he muſt be a Blockhead — Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! — All hollow for *Sir Sidrophel*.

[*Exeunt Sir Sidrophel and his Man Whaccum, follow'd by the Crowd*]

E

Enter

Enter Three Citizens.

1st. Cit. Thanks to Sir *Sidrophel*, we have far'd rarely To-day.

2d. Cit. Aye, we have so, Neighbour — This must cost Sir *Sidrophel* a deal of Money!

3d. Cit. Sir *Sidrophel*! — No, no; you are mistaken, Neighbour! we all help to pay for it.

1st. Cit. You are very ungrateful, Neighbour, his Honour has given us a handsome Feast, and every one ought to praise the Bridge he goes over.

A I R . IV. *London Ladies, &c.*

As we are well treated, why should we complain?

Let's leave it for those he makes suffer;

Most sure, if we should, he wou'd not come again,

But go away in a great Huff, Sir!

Aye, leave us he wou'd, as the Priests have the Church,

And never hereafter endure us;

So of this great Doctor we'd better say much,

And suffer *Excise* for to cure us.

[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E III.

A Tavern.

Sir *Sidrophel*, and *Whaccum*, disorder'd by drinking; many Officers and Citizens in Company.

Whac. Gentlemen, as myself and Sir *Sidrophel* are dispos'd to visit the Kingdom of *Eutopia* To-morrow, I hope you will one and all give us your Attendance thro' this City, and cry up Sir *Sidrophel* as a good Doctor, and myself as the best Doctor's Man in the Universe — Come, my

my Friends, Sir *Sidrophel's* Health — [*Drinks*]
Push the Glas about! — You all look sheepish,
and out of Countenance, as if you were
asham'd of what you were doing! — But, take
Courage — Be like Sir *Sidrophel* and me, for you
see we are asham'd of nothing —

S. *Sid.* Well said, *Whaccum* — I am the best
Doctor, and you the best Doctor's Man —
Drink again, and let it be my Health, and the
King's [*Whaccum drinks*] — Now Success to
Rogues in Power. [*Sir Sidrophel drinks.*]

AIR V. Have you not heard of a frolicksome
Ditty, &c.

Through all the Stages of Life, Sir,
'Tis counin and trick whom you can;
What tho' my own Brother I hate, Sir,
I count myself not the worse Man.
The Statesman, the Lawyer, and Priest, Sir,
With this Doctrine will all agree,
So he that is honest the least, Sir,
May justly shake Hands with me.

Sing, *Fol, de rol, &c.*

[*Scene closes.*]

SCENE IV.

A spacious House in Eutopia.

*Lord Command, and Miss Question; several
Ladies in Company.*

M. *Ques.* Fye, my Lord! now you talkidly;
that wou'd be carrying the Joke too far —

L. *Com.* By Heavens, this is trifling with my
Passion! — Madam, I believe these Ladies will
bear Witness, that I have comply'd with every

Command yourself and your fair Companions have laid upon me, and —

M. Ques. But, my Lord, ours were more reasonable — We none of us, I dare venture to affirm, once commanded your Lordship to come to Bed to us —

L. Com. If you had, sweet Lady, I assure you, I should have readily comply'd —

M. Ques. Fie; fie, my Lord! —

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Com. I'm proud to be the Cause of so much Mirth, Ladies — But yet I do expect you, Madam, to comply with the Command I've laid upon you.

M. Ques. So far as this I will agree, my Lord — Let us proceed, and your Command shall, in every Respect be obey'd, provided you will make it a Law, that every one in Company, stands to the Command laid on them, or forfeit the Sum of 20,000 Pounds.

Omnes. Agreed, agreed —

L. Com. That's nothing but reasonable, indeed, Madam.

M. Ques. So you stand to't, my Lord?

L. Com. With all my Heart, my Angel.

M. Ques. Then before all these Ladies, I command your Lordship to marry me this Instant.

L. Com. That shall not break Squares, I assure your Ladyship; to shew that I am willing to conform to the Injunction you've laid upon me, let us retire a-while, and discharge one Command first; after which I'm your Ladyship's humble Servant, and ready to commit Matrimony, or any greater Folly, with so bright a Lady as Miss Question.

M. Ques.

M. *Ques.* No, my Lord; I shall insist on the Command I've laid on your Lordship first; which I'm sure is nothing but what's reasonable — I'll leave it to the Decision of the Ladies, if your —

L. *Com.* Then I'm sure it will be given in Miss *Question's* Favour.

M. *Ques.* I dare say, my Lord, they wou'd do Justice between us both.

L. *Com.* Fie! fie! Child; Women do Justice! — 'Tis not in their Natures — Leave it to me, my Angel; and, upon the Word of a Man of Honour, your Ladyship shall never have any Reason to complain of Lord *Command* —

M. *Ques.* I know your Sex too well [*Aside*. But if I were to take your Lordship's Word now, wou'd you really prove a Man of Honour, and fullfil your Promise afterwards?

L. *Com.* Sooner shall Women prove constant to the Slaves that adore them, and return Love for Love, than I wou'd be unkind to the fair Miss *Question* — May the eternal Powers pour down their utmost Vengeance upon —

M. *Ques.* Nay, make no Imprecations, my Lord, for I assure ye, before all these Ladies, that I shan't trust you.

A I R VI. Pray, Fair One be kind, &c.

As I am now free,
So I always will be,
Until the Priest he has ty'd me;
For, shou'd I consent,
I soon might repent,
That ever your Lordship had try'd me.

So

So I am your Lordship's humble Servant, and ready at any Time to engage upon honourable Terms. [Exit.]

L. Com. Let me entreat ye, Ladies, to follow Miss *Question* — I declare I thought she had been in *Jeft*. [Exeunt Omnes.]

SCENE V.

Sir Sidrophel's House in Eutopia.

Sir Sidrophel and Whaccum, as just come off a Journey; attended by Arnold Wronghead, and Osborn Blunder, Esqs;

Wrong. } Welcome, our noble, generous,
Blun. } Lord; you're doubly welcome to *Eutopia*! — Heaven knows you've employ'd our Thoughts ever since your Absence.

S. Sid. Thanks to ye both; I will reward these trusty Servants [*Gives 'em Gold*] Take that for your Industry, and wait on me again To-morrow.

Wrong. } Your Pensioners return your Ho-
Blun. } nour Thanks — most humble and hearty Thanks. —

S. Sid. I shou'd be glad to have some Discourse with you both; but the Journey has fatigu'd me so, that my Spirits require Repose.

Whac. When I went Ambassador from the Court of *Eutopia*, to that of, of — I forget where now; but I remember I always made this my Maxim; never to let any Thing get the Ascendant of Business, by which Maxim, I have acquir'd an immortal Name; remember that, Brother — You know when we left *Eutopia*, the Clamours of the People were great, therefore, Esquire *Blunder*, I wou'd willingly ask —

S. Sid.

S. Sid. I say, let all Things rest 'till To-morrow Morning; I have something that hangs heavy at my Heart, and must have Rest to drive away the Troubles of my Mind. — My trusty Friends, adieu. [Exeunt Wrong. and Blun.

[Scene closes.

SCENE VI.

A Tavern.

Sir William Freeman, Alderman Free-Port, and Sir George Tradelove.

S. Will. Free. The People may be blinded indeed, if we don't soon find a Remedy to prevent the Stopping our Pacquets.

Ald. Free-P. 'Tis a Sign they are asham'd of what they have done.

S. G. Trade. I believe neither the Person himself, nor any of his Party, have Honesty enough to be asham'd of any Thing; but I will agree with you, they have taken such preposterous Steps, that they are very much afraid of being call'd to Account by the People.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, the Ballad-Singer is return'd.

S. Will. Free. Bid him come in. [Exit Drawer. This is the Song that was made on Sir Sidrophel's late Journey.

Enter Ballad-Singer.

Well, honest Friend, how many have you got me of this Ballad?

Ball. Sing.

Ball. Sing. I have bought up all I cou'd light
on, an't please your Honour.

S. Will. Free. Let us hear how you can sing it,
and take that for Encouragement.

[*Gives him Money.*]

A I R VII. All ye Ladies now at Land.

I.

Attend ye Britons, and give Ear

Unto my pleasant Ditty;

'Twill make ye laugh, the Farce to hear,

Was play'd in N—b City;

When *Sidrophel* and *Whaccum* made

Their late Triumphant Cavalcade.

With a *Fa, la, &c.*

II.

Good Lord, it was a gallant Show,

To see both Knight and 'Squire,

Through Lanes of Cuckolds all a Row

Ride, deck'd in gay Attire;

Tag, Rag, and Bob-tail, flock'd to see

A Person so Extr'ord'nary.

With a *Fa, la, &c.*

III.

Excise-Men first in Shoals appear,

T'attend on their Protector;

Next *D—p, D—n*, and Chapter queer,

Wait on this Grand Projector:

O! such a glorious Train to view,

The *Sturdy-Beggars* all look'd blue:

With a *Fa, la, &c.*

IV. Part

IV.

Pert *Whaccum* then, with dirty Shirt;
Display'd, out of his Cod-piece,
Advane'd to make the Rabble Sport,
And, faith, he was an odd Piece.
Three Times he hums, three Times he haws,
Then thus essays to gain Applause.

With a *Fa, la, &c.*

V.

" Behold the Great Sir *Sidrophel*!
Quoth *Whaccum* to the Crowd;
" Who does such Cures no Man can tell,
" As is by all allow'd;
" All Sickness flies at his Approach,
" Here, take his Pills — You'll keep your Coach.

With a *Fa, la, &c.*

VI.

" I see you stare, such News to hear,
" And think it wond'rous brave;
" For sure such Pills cannot be dear,
" From Poverty that save;
" Come here, who takes this little Box?
" They'll cure both Poverty and Pox.

With a *Fa, la, &c.*

VII.

Some Fools were by these Speeches caught,
And took him for their Friend:
The Knaves, who saw the Cheat, were bought,
So on him did attend:
Guarded by these on ev'ry Side,
All *Sturdy-Beggars* he defy'd.

With a *Fa, la, &c.*

VIII.

Straitway he to the B—p's goes,
 And from his Coach descends;
 For why, that Residence he chose,
 As being his surest Friends:
 Let who will, said he, turn their Coat,
 That Tribe will ne'er against me V—e.
 With a *Fa, la, &c.*

IX.

By them what Wonders have I done,
 Since I have rul'd the Roast?
 What Triumphs o'er my Country won!
 They feel it to their Cost:
 These are my chosen vet'ran Band,
 Who always help me at a Stand.
 With a *Fa, la, &c.*

X.

Next Morning four grave Goose-caps came,
 To take him to the Town-Hall;
 Where waited Numbers of the same,
 With formal Phiz and Gown All;
 Then One, in a set, study'd Speech,
 Said, Sir, we kiss Your Honour's Br—ch.
 With a *Fa, la, &c.*

XI.

"Nay, our Respect to make appear,
 "Unto your Honour's Merit,
 "And that we are not influenc'd here
 "By a malignant Spirit,
 "In this Gold Box we've made You free,
 "Of the grave Goose-caps Company.
 With a *Fa, la, &c.*

XII. Sir

XII.

Sir *Sidrophel* then bow'd full low,
And thank'd them for this Favour;
Promising his Regard to show
In his future Behaviour:
Were but some more dispos'd like You,
I'd make all *Sturdy-Beggars* rue.

With a *Fa, la, &c.*

XIII.

" Soon shou'd they bow beneath my Yoke,
" Nor should they dear to grumble;
" 'Tis Time their Spirits all were broke,
" When poor, they will be humble;
" I'd ease them of their Wealth and Trade,
" Then of none need I be afraid.

With a *Fa, la, &c.*

XIV.

This said, they to the Tavern went,
Where He a Feast provided,
And treated each Fool to Content,
On him who thus confided;
Nor need he value what he spent,
He knew it was but Money lent.

With a *Fa, la, &c.*

XV.

The Glas they freely push'd about,
And th' Old Saying true,
For when Wine's in, the Wit is out,
For, in an Hour or two,
Sir *Sidrophel*, being half seas o'er,
Toasted Success to R—s in Power.

With a *Fa, la, &c.*

XVI.

Next clumsy *Whaccum*, for a Tool
Design'd by Providence,
Toasts " May *Buffoons* and *Quacks* bear Rule,
" And keep out *Men of Sense*.
Thus did these silly, brainless *Elves*,
Over their *Cups*, betray themselves.

With a *Fa, la* &c.

XVII.

Next Day they both set out again,
By the same Train attended ;
Which made both *Quack* and *Whaccum* vain,
And think themselves befriended :
But had they gone to *T—m Tree*,
They'd had ten Times more Company.

With a *Fa, la*, &c.

S. Will. Free. As a farther Encouragement
take that, honest Friend.

[*Gives him Money, and so does all the Company.*]

S. G. Trade. This is an excellent Ballad truly
— Here, Lad, drink a Health to those whom
you best love. [*Gives Wine to the Ballad-Singer.*]

Ball. Sing. Then a good Health to my wor-
thy Masters present ; down with Excise and
false Patriots.

S. Will. True. This is a good, honest Fel-
low.—Hark'e, go to the Cook, and feast upon
what went from Table.

[*Exit Ballad-Singer.*]

S. Geo. Trade. [*Looking on the Ballad.*] What
a Monster is Sir *Sidrophel* ! and a Wretch his
Man *Whaccum* !

A I R

A I R VIII. Moggy Lawther.

Whoever looks their Actions o'er,
Sure must be struck with Wonder,
To find that they, and many more †,
Have chiefly liv'd by Plunder:
Eutopians all, learn to be wise,
And don't let them deceive ye,
Least you so long shou'd shut your Eyes,
That no one can relieve ye.

Ald. *Fr. Port.* Well, Sir *George*, this is a Favour beyond what we could expect, to hear a Song from you!

S. *Geo. Trade.* It is extempore, I assure ye, Alderman; but I knew any thing, in Behalf of our Country, cou'd not fail of pleasing.

S. *Will. True.* My Country is my constant Care; nor Gold, nor all the Riches of the *Indian* Empire, shall tempt me to betray it!—Curse Sir *Sidrophel*! and all such fawning Sycophants as he, that would, for sordid Gold, enslave Mankind!—I will away, and charge him with such Crimes, shall make him black as Hell!—Come, my Friends, (this Night he's arriv'd from his Palatial Seat) let's away; I know you willingly wou'd serve your Country with your Lives and Fortunes.

*For fair Eutopia we have ever been,
Nor shall a Pet——t a Villian screen.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

† Alluding to their Family.

End of the Second Act.

T H E



THE
COURT LEGACY.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Dr. Gregorius's House in the Kingdom of Eutopia.*

Dr. Gregorius and Mrs. Catch'em.

Mrs. Cat.



O, upon my Life now,
Doctor, I han't. —

Dr. Greg. You must
consider, Madam, in de-
ceiving me, you de-
ceive yourself; for 'tis impossible to find a Re-
medy, if I don't know the Disorder.

A I R

A I R I. *Peggy grieves me.*

Mrs. Cat. Since you the Cause of it must know,
(Tho' I do blush to tell ye)

But as you needs must have it so,

Oh!—Pray now feel my Belly :

Dr. Greg. 'Tis what I thought, I vow and swear,

So we must be in private,

Where I may view all Things more fair;

And see if its alive yet.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

A Royal Palace in the Kingdom of Eutopia.

Alexis and Fitzuma.

Alex. Hey-day!—You are to be married To-morrow too!—Why surely the whole World are running mad.

Fitz. I am not mad enough to suffer myself to be any longer deluded by your Lordship.—As for my past Follies, Heaven forgive me, and grant that my future Conduct may prove the Reverse of my former.

Alex. Why so warm, my dear *Fitzuma*; we have been more familiar e're now.—Let me embrace my Angel.

Fitz. No more Flattery; 'tis now grown an Antidote to me — I hate that cursed Court Disease.

A I R

A I R II. 'Twas when the Sea was roaring.

So I, unhappy Woman,
To ——— now bid adieu,
For Vice is there so common,
No Virtue they pursue :
And if it e're my Fate is,
My Follies to reclaim,
I'll envy not their Greatness,
Which surely end in Shame.

Enter Master Sprightly.

M. Spr. My Lord *Alexis*, I have been seeking you every where — Your Presence is desired by my Lady *Rule* — My Lady *Fitzuma* too! — Why so dull, Madam? — Why, I think verily, I have seen you much brisker than now, when Lord *Alexis* has been so near! — What's the Matter, my Lady? — believe me, it concerns me much to see you look so dull, because you're the best humour'd Lady in the whole C——. Pray now tell me the Reason, Madam! — Oh! you laugh now! — Well, I'm very glad on't, for you shou'd look pleasant, you know, because To-morrow's to be the Wedding-Day — Are you not glad on't, my Lady *Fitzuma*? — I'm sure I am for one; for then, you know, there will be one the less, however.

A I R

A I R III. The Sun had loos'd his weary Teams.

Alas! how wretched are they all,

If we do but consider ;

I'd have 'em wed, to save their Fall,

Tho' each shou'd die a Widow.

Oft have I heard each say her Pray'r,

On *Cupid* call for Aid, Sir ;

Good Faith, I wish they marry'd were,

And all their Fortunes paid, Sir.

Come, my Lord *Alexis*, let us go, I shall be
call'd to Account, else by Lady *Rule*.

Alex. You are a pretty Gentleman to scanda-
lize the Ladies already — I will let Lady *Rule*
know of it, young Spark.

M. Spr. I may take your Word, for you are
a meer Blab. [*Aside*] [Exit.]

Enter Lord Amorous, bashly.

L. Am. My dear *Fitzuma* !

Fitz. My best lov'd Lord ! [*They embrace.*

Alex. So ! — I find I have no Business here ;
but must give way to a superior Brightness.

[Exit *Alex.*

L. Am. To-morrow's Sun will crown our
Happiness.

A I R IV. Gin thou wert mine awn Thing.

Think what Torments I endure,

Past relating, past relating ;

Quickly, *Cupid*, send a Cure,

Or else my Life is fleeting.

G

Fitz.

Fitz. I'm sorry, my Lord, to see you thus disturb'd; surely there is nothing that *Fitzuma* can refuse to make you happy.

L. An. Pardon me, Madam, I never had Reason to think otherwise! — You were always kind.

A I R V. O the Broom, &c.

L. Am. Had I ten Thousand for my Choice,
All others I'd despise;
For you alone, I'd give my Voice,
And thank 'em for the Prize.

Fitz. And, were I courted by the Kings
Of England, France, or Spain,
They all wou'd prove but empty Things,
So you've my Love again. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Several Eutopians drinking.

1st. *Eu.* Come, Neighbours; Liberty and Property, without Excise. [Drinks.]

Omnes. Ay, ay; Liberty and Property for ever —

2d. *Eu.* Push the Glass about, we came here to be merry, not to set and look at one another! — I hate to be dull; besides, this is the Wedding-Day of Princess *Huncamunca*, and therefore I'm resolv'd to get hartily drunk.

1st. *Eu.* I will never believe that the Wedding will ever be, 'till I see it myself, Neighbour.

3d. *Eu.* That is, likely, truly! — You see it yourself! — None must be there but Quality!

4th. *Eu.* Why I have heard it buzz'd about, that it will never be.

2d. *Eu.*

2d. Eu. Nay, there are various Reports, that's certain; but what matters it to us?

3d. Eu. No, no; let us leave State Affairs to our Betters, and be hartily merry —

2d. Eu. Ay, we will be as merry as we all were the Night the Project was knock'd o'th' Head.

A I R VI. Under the Green-Wood Tree.

Be't Peace, or War, or what it will,

It ne'er disturbs my Rest;

I eat and drink, and have my Fill,

And think I'm doubly blest.

So here's to thee — And here's to thee,

And here's to thee again.

No *Standing Armies*,

Nor Schemes of *Excise*,

Shall e'er disturb my Brain.

} *Drinks.*

Enter Landlord, hastily.

Land. Long-look'd-for's come at last, Gentlemen, and is just now passing by the Door.

[*Exeunt Omnes, in Confusion.*]

S C E N E IV.

Mr. Catch'em's House.

Mr. Catch'em, and Mrs. Catch'em.

Mr. Cat. So, Minx; Well, how went Matters with the Doctor? — D'ye think 'twill answer Expectation?

Mrs. Cat. 'Tis a dirty Job, I'm sure; I wish I had never undertook it.

Mr. Cat. Don't recant, Baggage — You know how my Affairs stand, and must follow the

Scheme you have undertaken closely, or else it will come to nothing.

Mrs. Cat. I have, I think — [She crys.

Mr. Cat. Come, don't be disheartned, my Dear — Tell Husband — Did the Doctor do any thing to you ?

Mrs. Cat. Yes, I'm sure he did ; But I can't tell it, I'm so sham'd.

Mr. Cat. So then I am made a Cuckold, and must not have my Horns tipt !

Mrs. Cat. Well, I will tell you then. [Sobs.

Mr. Cat. There's my Love — What did he do — Come, tell your Husband.

Mrs. Cat. Then he did just as you do every Morning and Night — Are you satisfied now ?

Mr. Cat. There's my Life ! — Well, and did you not cry out hartily ?

Mrs. Cat. No indeed I cou'd not cry out against the Thing I love so well.

A I R VII. Pinks and Lillies.

Mrs. Cat. 'Twou'd be a Crime prodigious,

For me 'gainst him to swear,

And prove us both litigious,

When I so well did fare.

When I so, &c.

Mr. Cat. But pray let's talk in Private,

And you shall understand,

How finely I'll contrive it,

To get both House and Land.

To get, &c.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE V.

A Royal Apartment.

Princess Hnncamunca, with Attendants.

P. Hun. Now I begin to despair indeed! —
For near a Month past I've been every Day in
Expectation of a Husband, but now my Hopes
are wasted —

*[A Flourish of Trumpets; Drums beat, and a
Shouting at a Distance.]*

Enter Master Sprightly.

M. Spr. Where's my Sister, virtuous Maid?
— O Sister! Sister! Good News! — He's come!
— He's come! — Now you will be married
To-morrow.

Hun. To-morrow! — To-morrow never
comes! — What means this sudden Joy? You
surprize me, Brother!

M. Spr. No, thou beauteous Fair, rather
say, I've pleas'd you — Is't not so? — I'm sure
'twill please me, when I'm arriv'd to your Age,
to hear my Wife is as near as your Husband is.

P. Hun. Believe me, I am infinitely pleas'd.

M. Spr. I thought so — I'll go and be better
satisfy'd. *[Exit Mas. Spr.]*

A I R VIII. There was a pretty Girl.

When Maidens once in Love are,

As I have long time been; Fal, la, la, &c.

You hardly will find one

But what has took it in; Fal, la, la, &c.

And

And of this I can boast, Sir,
No one cou'd e'er betray ;
But for him that I love most, Sir,
I've kept it 'till this Day ;

Fal, la, la, &c.

Re-enter Master Sprightly.

M. Spr. What an unlucky Disappointment's this ! — The Noise we just now heard was occasion'd by the Mob's hallowing Sir William Trueman, and hissing Sir Sidrophel — There is no Appearance of a Husband, as I can see.

P. Hun. Now am I more wretched than ever, to have the Good News, I just now heard, so soon contradicted..

M. Spr. Poor Lady ! — I am very sorry to see a Sister thus afflicted — Let us retire, and I will share your Grief. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.

A private Apartment in Mr. Catch'em's House.

Mr. Catch'em, and Mrs. Catch'em.

Mr. Cat. Well, Wife, what think you now of the Matter ? — You are convinc'd of your Folly, I hope.

Mrs. Cat. I like the Project very well ; and since you promise more of the Money, we get from the Doctor, shall go towards my living like a Gentlewoman, than paying your Debts, I will agree to swear any thing you shall desire —

Mr. Cat. Then, in brief ; swear a Rape point blank upon him.

Mrs. Cat. But, he'll be hang'd then !

Mr. Cat.

Mr. Cat. What matters that! — The World will get rid of a Cuckold-Maker.

Mrs. Cat. My Courage fails me, methinks, to hang a Man for pleasing me.

Mr. Cat. Talk not of Courage, but go your way instantly, and act as I just now directed you. [*She is going*] But hold; one thing I had forgot — If you shou'd be ask'd, *Why you did not cry out*, what wou'd you say?

Mrs. Cat. I never thought of that! I shou'd be quite confounded indeed then.

Mr. Cat. Quite confounded! — This Affair will be spoil'd by your Mismanagement, and the World will have an Opportunity of seeing thro' the Cheat!

Mrs. Cat. What wou'd you say? — Suppose the Case yours —

Mr. Cat. What wou'd I say? — Why that he stop'd my Mouth with his Tongue, or twenty Things; which, please your Worship, prevented my making any body hear; so if one Justice won't grant a Warrant, another will; for he is a Rogue, a vile Miscreant, (and so on) and I'm resolv'd to bring him to Justice.

Mrs. Cat. Aye, that wou'd do — Will you go along with me?

Mr. Cat. I believe I must, if it is only to put Things into your Head, that you wou'd never think on. [Exeunt,

SCENE VII.

A spacious House in Eutopia.

Lord Command, and Miss Question.

L. Com. Thank Fortune for this favourable Opportunity, of meeting the fair Miss *Question* free

free from Engagements — 'Tis too great a Blessing, surely, long to last.

M. *Ques.* Till I have convincing Proofs that your Designs are more honourable than when I saw you last, I think it not safe to trust myself alone with your Lordship — Who waits?

Enter Servants, who stands at some distance.

L. *Com.* Pray, Madam, don't desert me, for I assure your Ladyship, that I have no Design, but what is honourable. — I am in Love with you, Madam, and it wou'd be worse than barbarous to leave a Gentleman in my Condition!

M. *Ques.* In Love! — I wou'd avoid Flattery, as soon as a Courtier, and in flying from your Lordship, I avoid 'em both. — So, Sir —

[As she is going, he stops her.]

L. *Com.* Madam, I conjure you, stay; for I am positively in Love; aye, honourably in Love.

M. *Ques.* I suppose you are, with all our Sex.

L. *Com.* You may jest, Madam, as much as you please, since you have won my Heart, and made me a Slave to your Beauty.

A I R IX. The Wheedler.

In vain may other fair Ones dart,
With all their Beauty, all their Art,
There's none can wound so sure:
'Tis you alone the Archer are,
That's full as killing, as you're fair,
So much your Charms allure.

M. *Ques.*

M. *Ques.* All this will not do, my Lord!—
I am not to be flatter'd out of my Honour and
Virtue.

L. *Com.* By Heavens, I'm not the Man you
take me for; I love the fair Miss *Question* too
well, e're to decoy her to do a thing that wou'd
stain her Reputation.

M. *Ques.* Till I am better satisfy'd in that
nice Point, my Conduct be my Guard.

L. *Com.* I am ready to give your Ladyship
all the Security the Marriage-Ceremony affords,
as soon as you please.—What wou'd you more,
fair Lady?

M. *Ques.* Oh! nothing more, my Lord —
That is Security enough, no Doubt on't.

L. *Com.* Then let us retire, and have —

M. *Ques.* No, my Lord, since you are so
dispos'd, we will give those Ladies who paid me
a Visit the other Day, an Invitation to our
Nuptials.

L. *Com.* With all my Heart.

M. *Ques.* Ha! ha! ha!—Well, this will be
making a Match in a hurry indeed, my Lord—
My Chariot is now waiting at the Door, sup-
pose we went to invite the Guest to the Wed-
ding ourselves?

L. *Com.* I am your Ladyship's humble Ser-
vant, and ready to attend you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Mr. Catch'em's House.

Mr. Catch'em and Mrs. Catch'em.

Mr. *Cat.* We had like to have made fine
Work on't truly!

H •

Mrs. Cat.

Mrs. Cat. What wou'd you have had me done? — I swore to all you bid me — But, notwithstanding Things have run so much in his Favour now, I will have a second Trial with the Doctor; he shall never rest thus.

A I R X. Oh! *London* is a fine Town.

Mrs. Cat. Oh! sure it is a sad Thing, that Justice I can't have!

I wonder any Man alive, will try to screen a Knave;

But so it very often is, if Gold they have great Store,

Nor is it our Case alone, I know of many more;

Mr. Cat. Indeed, my Dear, 'tis your own Fault, because that you did falter,

Or else we might have Money got, or he'd have had a Halter.

But since it has so happen'd, we must make the best on't — We'll both go to Mr. *Troublesome's*, our Lawyer, and see if he can't manage Matters so as to bring it upon the Anvil again next Sessions — We must stir in the Affair, only to prevent the World's seeing thro' the Cheat, tho' there is now no Probability of getting by it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

A Royal Apartment.

Princess Huncamunca alone, in a melancholy Posture.

P. Han. Never was a Maiden's Case more wretched than my own! — Here do I spend the

the tedious Hours, and silent moan the Absence
of the Man I hourly do expect — O most un-
happy Princess! by far more wretched than
the common Beggar that roams from Door to
Door! —

Enter Alexis and Master Sprightly.

Alex. I love to be the Messenger of Joy.

M. Spr. And so do I — Pray let me make my
Sister's Heart leap with Joy; I ought I'm sure,
to bring the News, for you had knew nothing
of it, had it not been for the diligent Watch I
kept — Sister, your Husband's within Gun-
shot of the Palace Wall —

P. Hun. More flatter'd Hope! — Delusion
all! — I pray now leave me to myself, for I am
much disorder'd.

*Enter Lady Rule, Lord Theodore, Sir Sidrophel,
Whaccum, and Phillippo.*

L. Rule. My Daughter in Tears! — What
can this mean! — What has occasion'd those
Tears, my Daughter? — We come to fetch
you, to bid Prince Easy welcome — He's now
within sight of the Palace —

P. Hun. Then all my Sorrow's at an End! —
Thanks to my royal Mother for this welcome
News; and Thanks to all the Guest.

A I R XI. Cotillon.

Now I'll banish all my Grief,
 Since he is arrived;
 Thank you for this kind Relief,
 It was well contriv'd.
 I hear he's come,
 By that Drum,
 And to meet my Prince, I will run.
 Now I'll banish, &c.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

S C E N E X.

Poet and Player.

Play. I must needs be so free to tell you that I think your Opera ends very abruptly; and you have, thro' the Whole, brought the most obscure Persons on the Stage, and neglected to bring in the head Characters at all.

Poet. As to its ending abruptly, I am very well satisfy'd your Objection's just, but don't see how to remove it; for, had I carry'd it further, every one wou'd have known that I did not keep up to the Truth: I grant you it would be much better to end with the Marriage, and I have carry'd it on, as you may see [*Gives a Paper*] so far as to conclude with it—But it being a Doubt, at present, whether it wou'd ever come to a Marriage, I thought it the best way to leave the Audience in a Doubt too.—The Reason of my not bringing the most grand Characters upon the Stage so often as I wou'd have done, is, because they were all engag'd another Way, in doing their utmost Endeavours to make a Match, that I fear will not stand.

Play.

Play. I am pleas'd, that you had the good Fortune to bring this latter Part of the Opera with you, for we will make bold to conclude with it, to make the Piece perfect, tho' in Reality it should never happen.

Auth. Then we must give Directions, for the Actors to proceed. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E XI.

A Royal Appartment.

Re-enter Lady Rule, Lord Theodore, Princess Huncamunca, and Prince Easy; follow'd by a numerous Train.

P. Easy. 'Tis you, my Love, that made the Journey easy to me; made me forget the Danger I was in, and all I wish'd for, was the fair Prize I quickly shall be blest'd with.

A I R XIII. Contented Country Farmer.
Part Last.

O may our Lives for ever prove
Nought but a Scent of lasting Love;
No Jealousy, or Care, or Strife,
But live a virtuous, happy Life;
That we may always copy those,
From whom our Virtue first arose.

A I R

AIR XIII. Why is your faithful Swain, &c.

P. Hum. Hear me, eternal Powers above,
If ever I should slight your Love,
Then may I meet with Shame:
And if you do not always find,
That I am constant, true, and kind,
Then send me back again.

[*They walk out in Procession towards the Altar,
where the Ceremony is perform'd.*]

Enter Phillippo and Francisco.

Phil. 'Tis an improper time, as well as Place,
Brother, otherwise I wou'd return the Affronts
you have given me.

Fran. I scorn to affront any Gentleman, Sir ;
but I must tell you, that I think there has been
some unfair Play, or else I'm sure, (for Ser-
vices I have done) the very Post you've stepp'd
into, I long ago have merited.

Phil. For Shame Brother ! — Do not scold
thus ! This is the Wedding-Day, and every
brave *Eutopean* shou'd look chearful.

A I R. XIV. Gossip Joan.

Fran. Why, how now, Mr. Pride !
Was you thus highly raised,
All others to deride ?
By —, I'm much amazed ;

Mr. Pride !

Phil.

Phil. I pray now, my good Dame,
Do not so loud keep bauling;
For it is a great Shame
To Men of our Calling;
My good Dame!

Scene draws, and discovers the Altar; the Company come forward, and join in a grand Dance.

L. Theo. Propitious Heaven! upon this match-
less Pair

Show'r down luxuriant Happiness!
And grant that each succeeding Year,
May prove as one continu'd Scene of Bliss!
A generous Off-spring add to their Delight,
Brave as their Father, as his Consort bright!
May their Affections ever move
Within the heavenly Sphere of Love;
In Love that never may a Period know,
But still in boundless Sweets and Pleasures
freely flow,
Unmixt with Crosses, Discontents, and all cor-
roding Woe.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

F I N I S.



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Let I pray now, my good Dame,
Do not be long kneeling;
For it is a great shame
To Men of the Calling;
My good Dame!

Swear thyself, and discover the same; the Court
May come forward, and give you a grand Dance;
I. Jacob, Propitious Heaven! upon this match-
less fair
Show a show of your Happiness!
And grant that each succeeding Year,
May prove us one continued Scene of Bliss!
A glorious On-coming and to their Delight,
I give as their Father, his Comfort bring!
May their Affection ever move
Within the bosom of Love;
In those that never may a Period know,
But still in boundless swears and pleasures
I only flow,
Unwearied, and all con-
tinued Woe.

[Sweet Oursers]

W I V I S

